

I'm not here with any fancy titles in front of my name or any formal education at all. My story is a simple one. I am a mother of three, a wife of 16 years, and an individual who has been affected first hand by the emotional heartache of having been forced to have an abortion.

It was January, 1985, and I was 4 months shy of my fifteenth when I found out that I was pregnant. My boyfriend and I decided we wanted to keep our baby. But, when my mom found out, she made it clear that I had one option. I was to have an abortion. The shame of having her youngest daughter pregnant at the age of 14 wasn't going to plague her. So against her better judgment and against my will, the appointment was made.

I was forbidden to tell my boyfriend that I was being forced into having an abortion. I was told that if I did not have this abortion I would have to move out and that I wouldn't be able to see my boyfriend. I was devastated!

It wasn't until the night before that my mom told me the abortion was scheduled for the next morning. I simply went to my room as if she had told me what time dinner was being served. I had already begged with everything that was in me to change her mind, and she wasn't budging. I sat in my room for hours and cried. I didn't want to kill my baby and, even at the very young age of 14, I knew abortion was wrong.

The next morning I refused to get out of bed. My mother pleaded with me for hours and I simply laid there. She even told me that she would stand accountable before God for my abortion. But still, I couldn't or wouldn't get out of bed. I refused. The appointment time had come and gone, and at the end of the day I started to feel a little bit of hope. I had not killed my baby and maybe my parents would see my torment and change their minds.

However, my victory was short-lived. After my dad came home from work, he made it clear that I was going to the abortion clinic the next day, even if he had to carry me in there. I was going to have an abortion, and that was that. The next morning I felt so defeated I hardly had the energy to move, because I knew that I had to get up and kill my baby. My mother and I drove to the clinic in silence. I felt like I had said all that I could to change her mind and she wasn't budging. It was one of the longest car rides of my life.

Once we made it to the clinic, we were taken into an office and the conversation was as simple as, "What is your name, and the cost will be..." That was it!! I'd been to the dentist to have teeth pulled and been asked more questions than that. But I was there to kill my baby, another human being, and it was as simple as making reservations for dinner. I'm sure I would have been asked more questions and been handled far more compassionately if I had been putting my dog to sleep.

Finally I was taken into a room where the abortion would take place. That's when I started crying uncontrollably. The only comfort that I was given was some women telling me everything was going to be fine after it was over, and that it would be over soon. She acted as though my problems would disappear as soon as they were able to rid me of this unwanted baby. But no one bothered to ask me if this was what I wanted. If asked, I would have cried out, "NO! I don't want to do this. I want to keep my baby." But no one cared about what I wanted. To all of them MY BABY was just a problem to be rid of.

Afterwards I felt depressed and completely empty. What everyone failed to realize was that, while for them the problem was solved, for me it was the death of my child.

After my abortion I didn't get out of bed for a few days, I simply wanted to lay there and die. My mom came into my room and told me enough was enough, and that what was done was done. She told me to get up and get over "it". I wasn't to mention "it" again, and as far as she was concerned, "it" never happened.

I had to tell my boyfriend that I had a miscarriage. It broke my heart to see him cry over the loss of our child. I can only imagine how he would have felt if he had known I was forced to murder her. Yes her, we had named her, Sara.

A few weeks later I was still feeling lonely and with no one to talk to, I confided in a friend at school, and told her about my abortion. She went home and told her mother who in turn called my mother. My mother was extremely angry with me; she invited the other mother and her daughter over so I could tell them that I had lied simply for the attention, and that I made the whole thing up! Once again my heart was broken, and I felt hopeless. Little did I know at the time that my problems had only just begun.

Something on the inside of me had died that day, and it wasn't just my baby. The emotional problems were far more damaging then anyone could ever have known. Eventually my boyfriend found out about the abortion and he too was devastated! He yelled at both of my parents and called them murders! He has never gotten over what happened. Today, he and his wife are unable to have children of their own. The only biological child he would ever have was aborted.

It has taken me 20 years to be free of the guilt and the shame of what happened the day I had that abortion. Not only has having an abortion changed my life greatly, it has also affected my husband and the children I now have. What everyone thought of as a quick and easy fix actually created even more problems in my life.

For years I struggled with depressions which ultimately lead to problems in my marriage. Several years later, I had an affair that resulted in the conception of a child. Again, an abortion seemed to be my only option. But this time given the opportunity to make the decision, abortion wasn't an option. That is when I cried out to Jesus and He began healing my heart and my life, and restoring my broken marriage.

God has used my infant son in the healing of not only my marriage, but also my relationship with my parents. Most of all, He has used my little son to restore my soul. I believe that God gave me a second chance to make the right decision, and He now intends for me to use this opportunity to help others, so that people will know, regardless of the circumstances, abortion is never the right choice, and abortion hurts everyone involved!

Thank you for allowing me to share my story with you today.

Sally Smith
Anchor of Hope